

2152 Donaldson (pl.) 11633 f
NORTH AMERICA,

A

Descriptive Poem.

REPRESENTING

The Voyage to AMERICA,

A

Sketch of that Beautiful Country ;

WITH

R E M A R K S

UPON THE

Political Humour and singular Conduct
of its Inhabitants.

To which are subjoined,

NOTES, CRITICAL and EXPLANATORY.

L O N D O N :

Printed for J. SHEPHEARD facing Symonds-Inn,
Chancery-Lane.

MDCCLVII.

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Printed for J. SHEPHERD and facing Symonds, Jan.
Cannery-Lane.
MDCCLXXV.

TO
HIS EXCELLENCY
The RIGHT HONOURABLE the
Earl of LOUDON,
Captain General and Commander in Chief
of all His MAJESTY'S

FORCES
IN
AMERICA,
&c. &c. &c.

THIS
POEM
IS

With the utmost Gratitude and Respect

INSCRIBED

By his LORDSHIP'S

Most obliged and most devoted Servant,

*Richmond, Surry,
April 4, 1757.*

William Donaldson.

TO
HIS EXCELLENCY
The Right Honourable the
Earl of LONDON,
Captain General and Commander in Chief
of all His Majesty's

ADVERTISEMENT.

AS the following Poem is local, and the Remarks therein upon the Conduct of a remote People, the Author thought it necessary to subjoin explanatory Notes, that the Obscurity of the first should be revealed, and the Singularity of the latter explained to those of his Readers, who perhaps are Strangers to both.

And as it contributes greatly to the Credit of a Piece, to have the Assistance of a Person, whose Candour and Integrity is well established, the Author could fix upon no one better qualified to Answer that particular Purpose than

VINCIT VERITAS.

With the utmost Gratitude and Respect
INSCRIBED
By the LORDSHIP
Most obliged and most devoted Servant,
William Donaldson
Edinburgh, 1757.



NORTH AMERICA,

Descriptive Poem.

I.

AR from the (1) filky Sons of soft Delight,
Where Folly-Fools disseminate ;
Far from Debauchery's intemp'rate Night,
And flutt'ring Joys effeminate.

Far from ignoble Strife,—ungen'rous Jars ;
Domestic (2) Clamours, and domestic Wars.

B 2

II. Far

(1) *Silky Sons*, &c. This Insinuation seems rather the Production of Prejudice, than the Offspring of Truth; for it is impossible that *England* should so lose its Property, as to raise up such enervate Sons of Foppery to disgrace its Records, as our peevish Author would wish you to believe.

(2) *Domestic Clamours*, &c. Sedition raised some invidious Clamour against great Men, how far Reason directed, or the Voice of Patriotism was concerned in the Tumult, I will not take upon me to determine; but this I know, that it ever has been the Opinion of

II.

Far from licentious, un-availing (3) Wits,
 Sure Slaves of Faction, and Disgrace :
 Distemper'd Bards whose Genius intermits
 When Flatt'ry intimates a Place ;
 Where (4) hostile Penury draws the plummy Dart ;
 The Shaft tho' feeble wounds the traitrous Heart !

III. By

of Faction, that Prime Minister implied every thing that was bad, and though possessed of every Virtue before he engaged on that important Business : yet no sooner did he commence the grand Agent of the Public, but he was baited by Party, and handed down to the People as a Leviathan come to devour their Liberty ! But these Things should be kept secret, it should be the Business of every *Englishman*, to throw a Veil over the Frenzy of his Countrymen, and not expose to the Ridicule of Foreigners, our pernicious Infirmities.

(3) *Licentious, un-availing Wits, &c.* Here I am afraid our Author speaks Truth ; for without some latent Design, the Press would not (at the Expence of Decency) abuse its Charter. The Press is the Licentiate of the Public, who like a skilful Anatomist ought to dissect Vice, not butcher it.

(4) *Hostile Penury, &c.* A spruce spontaneous Scribbler, who with indefatigable Industry writes a great deal to very little Purpose. In his many Letters to Members of Parliament, he advances false Facts, and very impolitically depopulates (if I may use the Expression) the Strength of his personal Invectives, by meanly using private Foibles, to destroy public Characters, illustrates his Argument with crude Conceptions, ill-chosen Parodies, and strained Metaphors, dressed up in all the Pomp and Foppery of Words, to deceive the unthinking Part of Mankind into an Opinion of them.

III.

By Glory rous'd, I leave th' inglorious World,
 Where drowzy Virtue's lull'd asleep:
 Where Friendship from Society is hurl'd:
 Where (5) Pity has forgot to weep;
 Where foul (6) Detraction blots a Parents Name,
 And Envy (7) belches in the Face of Fame.

IV. From

(5) *Where Pity has forgot to weep.* The great Number of public Charities, serve as so many Monuments of what the People of England formerly were; but now look into the Book of Visitation and you will find Charity has forgot the Door. So languid is that Spirit of Benevolence which once actuated the Minds of our Nobility in promoting that laudable Institution, so nobly designed for the Benefit of Society, by preserving the Lives of deserted Infants, that the most earnest Solicitations can hardly assemble a Board to forward the necessary Business; the same Indifference betrays itself in many other useful Charities, otherwise those few of the many Governors who (differing from the rest) seriously wish to relieve the Distresses of the helpless Poor, would not expose their Necessity, by having recourse to the Theatre for an annual Benefit to support them. The Heart-piercing Cries of desponding Captives, seem to have escaped the Ear of Humanity, their deplorable Case demands a serious Regard, I submit my Opinion, whether an Ejection every three Years, would not answer the most salutary Purpose? it would be a Lesson, instructing Tradesmen to be more circumspect, and dictate to them the Danger of a precarious Confidence; for there are too many who offer large Credit upon as bad a Principle, as those who accept it.

(6) *Where foul Detraction, &c.* This is verified by the many late infamous Libels and most wicked Reports, cruelly invented to destroy the Peace of several Families, virtuous and of noble Birth, equally eminent in both; but it is no Wonder, for when Generosity is suspended, Slander supplies the Vacancy.

(7) *Belches.* This Epithet is rather coarse and impoetical, and can only be justified by the Application.

IV.

From these remov'd, I fly where Justice reigns,
 Where Truth and Loyalty preside;
 Where Martial Valour Liberty maintains,
 Where Heroes bravely fought and dy'd.
 Where bashful (8) Merit, modestly conceals
 What Gratitude, by Recompence reveals.

V.

Now from the Beach, behold the Vessels ride,
 Their Sails unfurl'd, their Anchors weigh'd:
 The Eastern Gale obsequious to the Tide,
 Swift (9) wafts us thro' the wat'ry Glade;
 The wanton Billows foaming with Delight,
 Break the drear View, relieve the aching Sight.

IV. Whilst

(8) *Bashful Merit*, &c. Sir *William Johnson* with a small Party of Indians and a few Carriers intercepted *Baron Descaw*, the French General in his favourite Pursuit, wounded and took him Prisoner. Sir *William's* Account of this important Action, claims the highest Encomiums; his Majesty always ready to reward Merit, testified his Regard for this Gentleman, by creating him a Baronet, and concurred with his Parliament in voting him five thousand Pounds, as an Acknowledgment of the Service he had done the Public.

(9) The Author sailed from *England*, June 15, 1756, a Passenger in his Majesty's Ship of War the *Stirling-Castle*, commanded by *Samuel Cornish*, Esq; The Civilities he received from Captain *Cornish*, and the Methods he at all Times politely used to divert away

VI.

Whilst weeping Virgins eagerly pursue,
 The fleeting Vessels envious Flight:
 Now sadly see them lessening to the View,
 Now mantled by the Veil of Night;
 Down their wan Cheeks the Tears impetuous roll,
 Heave their fond Breast, and sigh away their Soul.

VII. Now

away the melancholy Part of the Voyage, calls upon him to pay a public Tribute of his Regard for that worthy Gentleman.—But first he begs Leave to premise, that no Obligation whatever should bribe him from the Truth; and as he had an Opportunity of contemplating the Man, from various Accidents during the two Months Confinement with him on Board, his Opinion coincides with the following Character: “An agreeable intelligent Companion,—familiar without Affectation.—Pride without Arrogance.—In his Command he has Strictness without Severity, and when his Temper is ruffled by the obstinate Iniquities of a few, the Gale of Passion, like the Element he encounters, soon blows over and all is calm. He is temperate in Valour, and cool in his Resolutions upon the most formidable Alarm; and so wonderful is the Oeconomy in those subordinate to him, that the necessary Preparatives for an Engagement made, and his Men quartered to their respective Guns, with as little seeming Confusion, as it is possible to suppose from the Eagerness of near five hundred brave Fellows, impatient to engage. But as Captain *Cornish* is a Friend to his People, it is no Wonder they are so easy and happy in their Obedience.”

VII.

Stern Ocean's calm, the roaring Wind subsides,
 The lazy Billows scarcely lave
 The haughty Vessel, as she proudly glides,
 Slow moving o'er the panting Wave ;
 The bloomy West by gradual Decay
 Loses its Blush, and gently fades away.

VIII.

Now on the Surface of the (10) fable Flood,
 The Dolphin flashes thro' the Gloom ;
 Around him sparkling sports the finny Brood,
 Regardless of their fated Doom ;
 The Deeps dread (11) Lords tyrannical in Pow'r,
 The lesser Tenants of the Wave devour.

IX.

So fond imperious Man with Acres blest,
 Stalks the dread Tyrant of the Plain ;
 Unfeeling sees fair Industry distress'd,
 And riots on her thrifty Gain ;
 Contracted Deeds, with narrow Minds accord,
 And honest Labour starves beneath his Lord.

X. Pale

(10) When the Face of Heaven is obscure, the Sea receives
 the Impression, and through that Scene of Darkness every thing
 which moves in the Wave seems to strike Fire.

(11) The Sharke, Bonetta, &c.

X.

Pale *Cynthia* now begins her dewy Reign,
And each attendant Orb appears,
Sheds a faint Lustre o'er the briny Main,
And chills the dreary World with Tears ;
Now Conscience wakes, the guilty Mind's Disease,
The murder'd Wretch remurmurs in the Breeze !

XI.

Hark ! the shrill (12) Pipe pierces the silent Air,
To rouse the tardy slumb'ring Crew,
Now (13) hoarser Sounds quicken the loit'ring Tar,
To watch amidst the nightly Dew ;
Time strikes the (14) Bell,—a Monitor severe !
Checks our vain Pride, convinces what we are.

C

XII. And

(12) The Boatswain's Whistle, upon relieving the Watch.

(13) A harsh Tone of Voice peculiar to those Sons of *Flagellation*.

(14) The Bell strikes every half Hour, on Board King's Ships.
It is the Knell of our departing Hours,

YOUNG's *Night Thoughts*.

XII.

And see ! a Melancholy (15) Proof appears,
 Whom late I mark'd in youthful Pride;
 See the pale Corse his tearless Comrade bears,
 Whose stubborn Strength once Death defy'd;
 Untimely from his gay Reversions forc'd,
 From Wife, from Children, from his Friends divorc'd.

XIII.

Ye wanton (16) Suicides, who laugh at Death,
 And treat it as a vacant Dream !
 Know then the Soul survives the fleeting Breath,
 And profit from my mournful Theme;
 Gay modish Wits to this trite Tale attend
 Disclaim the Fashion, and consult the Friend.

XIV. The

(15) *A melancholy Proof* &c. A young Fellow who in the Gaiety of his Heart flattered himself with future Felicity from the Success of this Voyage, but was snatched away from this Dream of Pleasure in twenty-four Hours.

(16) *Ye wanton Suicides*, Thoughtless young Men who destroy themselves by intemperate Follies.

XIV.

The rosy Herald of the blooming Day,
 Now peeps beneath Night's dusky Mask :
 Weak ey'd Description dazzles at the Ray,
 Unequal to the mighty Task ;
 The glorious Orb starts from the Amber Sea,
 (17) Beauties unknown to lazy Luxury !

XV.

The breezy Morn ruffles the smooth Expanse,
 The Vessels to the Waves conform :
 The cloudy Hills (18) by slow Degrees advance,
 And streaky Veins proclaim the Storm ;
 Now here,—now there,—the hasty Seamen fly,
 And roaring Discord, marks the Tempest nigh.

C 2

XVI. To

(17) *Beauties unknown*, &c. It is astonishing, that the most delicate of our Ladies, as well as the most delicate Gentlemen, will venture any Danger, and go through any Fatigue, to gratify a Vanity of being seen at an Installation, &c. and yet will not suffer themselves to be disturbed from the Embraces of their inanimate Pillow, to behold this Sight, which has no Competitor.—But I ask Pardon, the Sun is an unfashionable Luminary, and not suffered to be mentioned with the other more polite Constellations.

(18) *Cloudy Hills*, &c. Signs by which the experienced Mariner, anticipates an approaching Gale.

XVI.

To sing the Terrors of this rueful Scene,
 And warring Elements rehearse :
 Each barb'rous Phrase, each uncouth Term explain,
 Would jar the (19) Music of my Verse;
 Horror ! Confusion ! seem to threaten Fate,
 And all appears irregularly great.

XVII.

A Calm succeeds,—again the Wind subsides,
 The hostile Waves suspend their roar ;
 The Misty-mantle of the Sky divides,
 Relumes the Day,—reveals the Shore ;
 Languid Despondence leaves the eager Eye,
 And the glad (20) Seamen laugh they know not why.

XVIII. The

(19) *For the Musick, &c.* Here our conceited Author dictates his own Praise very confidently.

(20) *And the glad Seamen, &c.* It is to be remarked that a Sailor, expresses an equal Pleasure upon seeing Land, though he knows he will not be permitted to go on Shore, as the Land-officers, who having suffered two Months inexpressible Sickness, are going to be relieved from the Cause of it.

XVIII.

The nodding (21) Cedars spread their leafy Plumes,
 And cast an awful pleasing Shade;
 The bloomy Shrubs diffuse their rich Perfumes,
 And sweetly scent the verdant Mead;
 There lavish Nature mocks the Lab'rer's Toil,
 And grateful Fruits confess the gen'rous Soil.

XIX

Steep craggy Cliffs by mould'ring Time declin'd,
 Where fearless brouze the fleecy Flock:
 The placid Stream untortur'd by the Wind,
 Limp murm'ring o'er the sedge Rock;
 The bord'ring Woods unfold a various Hue,
 And the proud City terminates the View.

XX. Th'

(21) *The nodding Cedars, &c.* So picturesque is the Entrance of *New York*, that an *Enthusiast* would extend his Description to the Amplitude of a Folio, and find Beauties sufficient to please and amaze his Readers; and I am of Opinion, that if the superior Advantages which *America* claims by Nature over most other Countries, were properly recommended, many of my industrious Countrymen, who having no other Inheritance than honest Simplicity would be rouzed from their miserable Despondence, and seek for that Encouragement in *America*, which the Forgetfulness (not to say worse) of the Times denies them here.

XX.

Th' enquiring Crowd assemble on the Beach,
 Eager to learn what News from (22) Home,
 Distended Mouths exclaim with eager Speech,
 Say, is St. *Philip's* safe,—or gone!
 (23) Ill-fated Men! your Patriotism disown,
 You fight our Battles, but neglect your own!

XXI.

The fable (24) Slaves demand a serious Thought,
 Resentment arms the Coward-hand:
 Bondage is hard,—suppose by Anger wrought,
 They turn Obedience to Command;
 Let private Property no more contend
 With Liberty,—let Liberty defend.

XXII. Now

(22) *News from Home*, &c. *England* is so much the adopted Parent of *America*, that the Natives and even the *Negroes* themselves, call it their Home.

(23) *Ill-fated Men*, &c. Here our Author would insinuate, that the People of *New York* interest themselves more in the Fate of *Europe* than *America*, and in the Frenzy of Politicks forget their own particular Concern! is it possible to reconcile such an Incongruity? Does not Nature dictate to every Man to secure his own Property? Nay every Consideration is a Precept. Therefore our Author must be either splenetic, or the *Americans* must have lost their Senses.

(24) *The fable Slaves*, &c. At *New York* there are almost as many *Negroes* as *White Men*, when perhaps they have no Occasion for one,
 I am

XXII.

Now at the (25) hospitable Board we meet,
 Where buzzing Slander waits Applause:
 The stern *Sempronius* takes his formal Seat,
 Mutters a Grace;—then (26) Grace withdraws;
 In blust'ring Zeal, first damns all Fools in Place:
 Then the (27) tame Patriot whispers our Disgrace.

XXIII. By

I am sure Policy supports my System, and advises to transfer their Stock to their Friends in the Islands or Southern Colonies; for whilst they employ Slaves there is little or no Employment for the industrious Freeman. The imaginary Consideration of private Interest leads them into the Mistake, that the Labour of the first, is much more reasonable than the latter, and I must own Appearance seems to give a Sanction to their Error. But if the Gentlemen of *America* would be less sanguine in the Pursuit of private Profit, and temper Interest with Generosity, they would acknowledge the Delusion, and be convinced that the Expence of white Men's Labour, does not exceed the Expence of the *Blacks*. I will endeavour to obviate what I have advanced. A white Man has five Shillings a Day, But why does he exact such exorbitant Wages? Because he is only called upon when Necessity wants him, and then perhaps he is employed only two Days out of the Seven, and not to ask an unreasonable Question, Can a Man support himself and Family for less than ten Shillings a Week? But if there was Business to employ him the Year round, his Wages would be reduced to a moderate Proportion: A Proof of it, when the new Battery was first begun, the Labourers expected the same extravagant Wages they had been accustomed to receive, and through Ignorance for some time persisted, but when they were acquainted it would be a Business of Time, they readily acquiesced, with the Terms proposed by the Governor.

XXIII.

By smooth (28) Hypocrisy,—by Fame deceiv'd!
 On Expectations giddy Stream
 Buoy'd up by Hopes, which left us unperceiv'd,
 The Vapour of a golden Dream!
 Wreck'd on the Coast of Bliss, convinc'd too late,
 That public Virtue is a latent Cheat.

XXIV. See

Governor, and went through their Work with Pleasure and Satisfaction. The next Consideration is, what may be the Expence of a *Negro*, the first Purchase is sixty Pounds sometimes eighty Pounds; calculate the Interest of that Money upon the Life of a poor Wretch hardly used, then his Victualling and Cloathing. How much does twelve Shillings a Week (the Wages of a Freeman if constantly employed) exceed that Expence, with the Difference of having more Work done and much better, than the best Slave of them all; who are in general an idle drunken Set of People. Besides, the Time is not forgot when the *Negroes* strove hard to recover their Liberty, it was happily discovered before they pushed their Design too far; but that Day may return and though the Laws are effectual to prevent it, a Neglect of those Laws, takes from the Design for which they were made, and the frequent Associations of *Negroes* is an Evidence of the Peoples Forgetfulness. And what would have been the Event, had Baron *Descau* succeeded in his well concerted Plan, and reached *New York*; find me the *Negro*, that would not (upon the forlorn Hope) have unsheathed his Knife and cut the Throat of his Master upon the vain Prospect of recovering his Freedom. On the contrary, if Encouragement was given to Freeman, many industrious Families hunted by Misfortunes, would seek an Asylum there, in Time might be enabled to purchase Lands, and their Posterity become Settlers, which would be

XXIV.

See the proud (29) Lake with Indignation swell,
 O'erflow with Rage the flow'ry Ground ;
 The Stream subfided when *Ofwego* fell,
 And Desolation spread around :
 (30) Virtue unbrib'd,—to Martial Glory known,
 Driv'n from *Minorca*, whither art thou flown ?

D

XXV. To

be a natural Strength to the Colonies, and empower them upon any Occasion to oppose the complicated Machinations of faithless Ambition. But as early Prejudices are not easily vanquished, Time must bring about the Revolution.

(25) *Now at the hospitable Board, &c.* The People of *New York* are remarkably fond of Strangers, and entertain them liberally.

(26) *Mutter a Grace ; then Grace withdraws, &c.* This Re-iteration favours mightily of the Pun, however it is the Genius of the Times.

(27) Altho' the People of *America* are eager Politicians, they are slow Patriots, for whilst they are damning the M——y with furious Energy, they are as temperate with Regard to their intestine Broils, as if the *French* were at War with the *Hottentots*, and they at Peace with all the World.

(28) *By smooth Hypocrisy, &c.* This seems pointed at some particular Person, who had been the Minion of the People, but I suppose forfeited their Opinion by ill Behaviour.

** *Wreck'd on the Coast of Bliss, &c.* This Complaint conveys a true Idea of the *Americans* Disposition, for they never see their Error, till they feel it.

XXV.

To trace Deceit beneath fair Virtue's Veil,
 And lurking Treachery disclose ;
 My Muse disdains to tell the guilty Tale,
 Or say where foul Dishonour grows :
 Yet know *Sempronius* (whilst with Truth I sing)
 A Fool in Power is a dang'rous Thing.

XXVI.

Ye Sons of Traffic, fix your wayward Mind,
 Let Faction pause,—let Zeal obey,
 Let griping (31) Av'rice, in itself unkind,
 No dull Indifference betray ;
 United Force will *Gallia's* Slaves o'erwhelm,
 The (32) Current serves,—and (33) *Campbell's* at the
 [Helm.

XXVII. Our

(29) *See the proud Lake, &c.* As the People of *America* are in themselves a Fiction, it is no unnatural Fable, for them to suppose that the Ruler of the Wave, in Resentment stopped the Progress of the Current, which overflowed the Banks, and desolated the Meads bordering the *Lake Ontario*, &c.

(30) *Virtue unbribed, &c.* Lord *Blakeney*.

(31) *Let griping Av'rice, &c.* The Property of Avarice is most unkind, ungenerous and unnatural, it regards neither King, Country, or Friend, but would sacrifice all to its unsocial, pernicious Ends.

XXVII.

Our Sov'reign mov'd at these inhuman Times,
 (Let Gratitude his Care approve)
Campbell was sent to your (34) unthankful Climes,
 The Pledge of his paternal Love ;
Campbell the Great,—the—stay—I'll wave my Plan,
 'Twould shock the Hero, should I praise the Man.

XXVIII.

The servile Muse, on sordid Int'rest bent,
 Who makes that Point her single View :
 (Like captive Birds from Freedom closely pent)
 Sweet is her Pipe, her Note untrue ;
Campbell,—thy Bard, like Nature's warbling Throng,
 Sings Truth to thee,—for Love attunes his Song.

(32) *The Current serves, &c.*

There is a Tide in the Affairs of Men,
 Which taken at the Flood, leads on to Fortune ;
 Omitted all the Voyage of their Life
 Is bound in Shallows, and in Miseries.
 On such a full Sea are we now a-float,
 And we must take the Current when it serves,
 Or lose our Ventures.

SHAKESPEAR.

(33) *Lord Loudon.*

(34) *Unthankful Climes, &c.* Their Vanity suggested to them, that they could accomplish their End, and drive the *French* from *America* without the Assistance of Regulars.

The Annotator takes Leave, lest he should overshadow the Poem, by the Exuberance of his Notes.

F I N I S.

XXVII

Our Sovereign mov'd at these inhuman Times,
 (Let Gratitude his Care approve)
 Campbell was sent to you (34) unthankful Climes,
 The Pledge of his paternal Love;
 Campbell the Great—the day—I'll wave my Plan,
 'Twould speak the Hero, should I praise the Man.

XXVIII

The ferocious Male, on lordly Instinct bent,
 Who marks that Point her single View;
 (Like captive Birds from Freedom closely pent)
 Sweet is her Pipe, in his soft Ear;
 Campbell—thy Bird, thy Love's warbling Throat,
 Sings Truth to thee—for Love assumes his Song.



(33) The Current flows, etc.
 There is a Tide in the Affairs of Men,
 Which taken at the Flood, leads on to Fortune;
 Omitted all the Voyages of the Tide,
 Is bound in Shallows, and in Miseries.
 On such a full Sea are we now afloat,
 And we must take the Current when it serves;
 Or lose our Vantages.

SHAKESPEARE

(33) Lord Lindsay
 (34) Unthankful Climes, &c. Their Vanity suggested to them, that
 they could accomplish their End, and drive the Word from America
 without the Assistance of Regulars.
 The Annotation is not correct, but he should overlook the Force
 of the Expression of his Verse.